

THE DAILY  
SHORT STORY

## The White Canoe.

By DORA MOLLAN

EVERY person, young or old, living on the banks of the beautiful Kanawha river, has heard the story of the white canoe. The story is told by the old people, and the children contend for the honor of telling it on to the new ones. It is a story of a canoe, and of the things that happened in it. It is a story of a canoe, and of the things that happened in it. It is a story of a canoe, and of the things that happened in it.

Now, the tradition runs that Snowbird was murdered close by the shores of the river, in the moonlight, then set adrift in her own canoe, long before the eye of a white man first fell on the Segatchie. Ever since her ghost has appeared, from time to time, to mortal eyes; so goes the legend. And always has the coming foretold the doom, and violent departure of another soul.

Cecil Horton was five when she spent her first summer on the Segatchie. She had passed her twentieth birthday when the events here recorded took place.

It was the tenth of September. The Hortons were to return to the city in the fifteenth. Cecil was planning a dance for the evening of the twelfth, the last of a series in the Horton boat-house. Dick Harvey set beside her on the boat-house steps. Both wore abstract expressions registering deep thought.

Evidently the girl's thoughts were not bearing fruit for she turned to her companion. "Oh, Dick," she pleaded, "do stay and think up something unique for the feature of my last dance—something exciting; something thrilling!"

Dick seized hopefully upon his opportunity. "You might announce our engagement." But the hopefulness died—born as he glimpsed the quick frown above his companion's eyes and he continued, in tragic moseness, "Or we might stage a murder. I'd be glad to help you out in that."

"Dick!" exclaimed the girl, with a hand on his arm; "don't, I don't like it. It's a bad idea." For well Cecil knew that her old playmate's sudden lust for slaughter had for its objective a rather mysterious, very romantic-looking stranger who was spending his first summer on the Segatchie. But even as she spoke, the word "murder" suggested something desired to Cecil's nimble wit.

"I have it, Dick!" she ejaculated—"the white canoe."

Followed nearly an hour of explanation, pleadings and overriding of Dick's objections by Cecil, and finally a reluctant consent from Dick. But he made it conditional. "Now, remember," he stipulated, "not a single dance with that Perrone crook while I'm away pulling the fadeaway Indian maiden stuff."

"Of course, Dick; I promise. But you've no business to speak of him that way just because you don't know every bit of his past history. Why do you?"

"Shifty eyes," was Dick's laconic rejoinder. At which Cecil, naturally attributing Harvey's instinctive dislike of Perrone to jealousy, smiled a secret smile of mischievous delight.

The night of the dance came and, all too soon for Dick at least, came eleven o'clock, the time agreed upon for him to absent himself and take up the spectacular role of "Snowbird."

The full moon carried out its part of the program. At half after eleven Cecil, pleading fatigue, seated herself by the broad river-front doorway, prepared to jump up at any instant and announce to the guests, with becoming dramatic effect, that the Indian maiden was abroad in her canoe.

But she waited fruitlessly. The minutes passed, no white canoe appeared. Midnight, and yet nothing stirred on the broad bosom of the Segatchie. Disappointed, a little angry, Cecil yielded at last to the pleading of the fascinating Perrone and danced three times in succession with him.

Dick Harvey did not appear again that night and next morning, when he came over to the Horton place, he gave most unsatisfactory answers to Cecil's peremptory questions. Also he wore an inscrutable, self-satisfied expression that enraged the young lady. She let him know it. Yet Dick went off whistling. Which affected Miss Horton so extremely little that at midnight she was still awake, perched on her window seat and gazing out onto the moonlit river, assuring herself that she didn't care a hoot for Dick Harvey anyhow. He utterly lacked the refinement of Mr. Perrone.

Suddenly, as her abstracted gaze turned to the farther shore, a shiver ran through Cecil's frame. From out the shadows of the forested bank looked a tenuous, filmy something that, while she strained her eyes in awe, took clearly, indubitably, as it crossed the pathway of the moon, the form of a white canoe, silently paddled by a girlish figure in white, crowned by snowy feathers.

Cecil started from her seat. She could call some member of the sleeping household to witness this awesome sight. Just then it was heard stealthy footsteps in the hall, that stopped just outside her door. The white canoe! Its corollary of tragedy! There was stark danger there, outside the door. Cecil's heart beat so that it hurt.

Then from the balcony roof outside, close by her, came a whisper. It was Dick Harvey's voice.

"There's a burglar inside, Cecil. The officers have gone in. Keep still, don't move. If he opens your door I can see him from here in this light. Sh-sh-sh!"

Slowly, without sound, the door opened. A dark figure was vaguely outlined on the threshold. Even in the semi-darkness it looked strangely familiar to Cecil. From the window Dick Harvey's staccato baritone snapped: "That's far enough, you—stand still!"

There was a glint of steel as the intruder flung back, "Hold up your hands and keep—"

Smart Duvetyn  
Frock May Be  
Made at Home

By CORA MOORE

(New York's Fashion Authority)  
NEW YORK, May 15.—One of the pretty "Floradora" girls, had on a dress like this one, not in the play, but at a special rehearsal. It is a dress of the rules for her, so simple that almost anyone at all experienced with the needle ought to make it, yet some how with an unusual "air" to it.

Perhaps it was the dip in front and the lifted back of the skirt and the corresponding dip of the belt, for that is one of the new features of gowns now.

The "Floradora" girl's gown was embroidered in heavy black silk floss in the manner shown in the sketch, the buttons on the long sleeves were of the goods as also was the narrow string sash and the very shapely collar.

It will be noticed that the collar fits snugly into the elongated square of the neck with its points just losing themselves in the neatly turned corners.

SISTER MARY'S  
KITCHEN

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Strawberries are a rather tender fruit, called by dealers "soft."

The care the housekeeper gives the fruit after it comes to her greatly determines the attractiveness of it.

Strawberries always need thorough washing and if very sandy sometimes need to stand in water for a few minutes to loosen the grains of sand. Water poured directly over berries will crush them and make them soft and mushy.

An easy way to wash berries of any sort is to hull the fruit into a colander. Place the colander in a big pan of fresh water and gently lift and lower the berries into and out of the water. This causes a washing of the water that has not enough force to hurt the fruit but does dislodge any particles of dirt.

Menu for Tomorrow.  
BREAKFAST—Baked rhubarb with raisins, scrambled eggs, toast, coffee.  
LUNCHEON—Scalloped celery, bean rolls, cup cakes with never-fail icing, tea.

DINNER—Pork tenderloin French, creamed potatoes, string beans, orange salad, prune whip, coffee.

My Own Recipes.  
In this dinner the dessert furnishes the greatest amount of protein. The meat, of course, gives a certain amount of protein, but it also furnishes fat and bulk, bulk in that it satisfies the appetite. The orange salad does the fat and supplies mineral. As pork is a hard food to digest, the amount eaten needs to be small and the necessary vitamins are supplied in the other foods.

SCALLOPED CELERY  
2 cups celery sliced in inch pieces  
1 cup celery stock  
2 tablespoons butter  
2 tablespoons flour  
1 cup milk  
1-2 cup chopped cheese  
1-2 cup fine bread crumbs  
1-4 cup coarse buttered crumbs  
Salt and pepper

Cook celery in water to cover until tender. Save 1 cupful of celery stock and add to milk. Melt butter, add flour and slowly add liquid, stirring constantly. Add salt, pepper, cheese and celery. Line a buttered baking dish with fine bread crumbs. Add a layer of celery, a layer of crumbs and so

## CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

(Copyright, 1920, by the N. E. A.)

What Ought a Wife Do When a Husband Slumps?

"I suppose that is the end of the story, but would you object to telling us what became of the man?" Chrissy asked.

"He and the girl eloped. She couldn't marry him because she couldn't get a divorce from her own husband. She abandoned her child. They went out to some western desert to write a play."

"If two sophisticated people want to be that kind of fools, nobody ought to stop them," asserted Chrissy. "I suppose there is a sterling coin of love, but there's a lot of counterfeit in circulation. Man seems unable to assert it. He so often prefers a lot of copper to a little pure gold. When was their play produced?"

"It never was written. When the man's money was gone, the girl went off with the owner of a sheep ranch. I suppose she couldn't help doing so. Of course she couldn't live in harmony with my husband very long. Both of them had the artistic temperament which is always in revolt against the conventions. They were bound to react—to repulse each other. People who abandon the conventions make rules for themselves, but I could have told the girl that the man would make all of the rules for her. Just exactly as if she were his legal wife. She would have to be as subservient, if she lived in peace with him, as any properly wedded Puritan. I had been, but I didn't care. I lacked temperament—I simply adored my man and wanted to please him—when I had him."

"He sold his reputation for a song," Mrs. Best nodded gravely.

"But there was so much in him that was wonderful. While I was with him, it came out. When he began to philter, he stopped working. Some-

on until all is used. Cover with buttered crumbs and brown in a hot oven.

## NEVER-FAIL ICING

White 1 egg  
1 cup sugar  
1 tablespoon water  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Put white of egg, sugar and water in top of double boiler. Set over rolling water and beat with a Dover beater for 4 minutes. Remove from heat and spread on cakes.

There is one commodity always plentiful, though often a drug on the market—advice.

MARY.

## Evening Chat

The Clerk Couldn't Estimate Right.

I went to the store to buy some wall paper yesterday and I had a lovely time looking over the store decorations while I waited for a woman to cease taking up time which had much better have been conserved these expensive days. I'm not usually a bit impatient even though I am like most women in wanting what I want instantly. I waited for a woman in question wanted wall paper for a room in her house which had five windows and three doors. It had rather a high ceiling and the woodwork in the room was old fashioned with little windows over the tops of the doors she called

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

(By Olive Roberts Barton)

## The Magical Mushroom Gets Help.

"So this is the trouble!" exclaimed the Magical Mushroom when Nancy and Nick had stopped to see what was wrong with the fairies. "Jack Frost," he said, "you're a mean old fellow! Stop pinching those little creatures at once, and let them stick on their pussy-willow buds right away. If you don't, I shall tell the Fairy Queen."

But Jack Frost only laughed impudently. "Ha-ha!" he mocked, pinching one little fairy's toes HARD. "What do I care for your Fairy Queen. She can't boss me! I'm a fairy myself, sort of. She may boss you, and she may boss those Green Shoes the twins wear, but she can't boss me. I'll do as I please! Spring's peeping over the top of that hill, there, I've seen her two



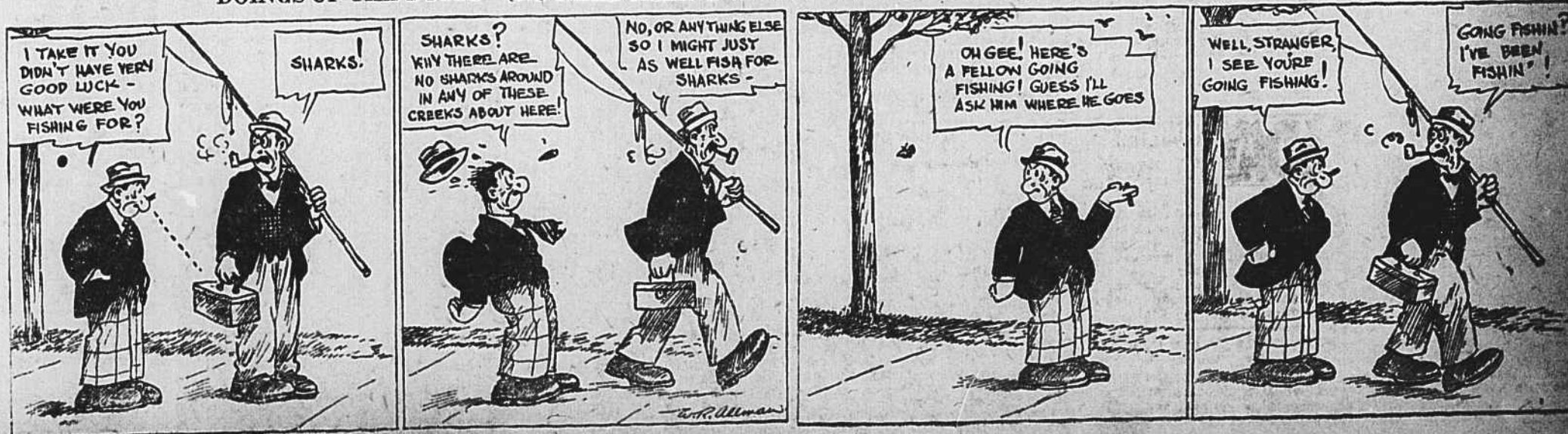
or three times, but I'm not going to let her chase me if I can help it. Th robin Nancy cleaned up when she was helping Rubadub in Scrub Up Land. Is waiting, too. I've seen his bright red shirt, and I've heard his arish chirp. He thinks he can chase me, too, but he can't." And Jack Frost pinched another little fairy's ears HARDER! "If spring, and the robin, and the pussy-willows once get a chance," he went on, "I'm done for, and I'm going to stay as long as I can."

Well, the Magical Mushroom didn't know what to do then. He was magical, but only for some things, and Jack Frost wasn't one of them. Suddenly, however, he thought of something. He knew of one thing that Jack Frost was afraid of!

"Come kiddies," he said to the twins, climbing into Nancy's pocket again. "Tell your Green Shoes to whisk us to the Fairy Queen's palace right away." And as they disappeared, Jack Frost, suspecting trouble, pinched another little fairy's nose HARDEST of all.

(Copyright, 1920, N. E. A.)

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(NO NEED ASKING WHERE HE WAS FISHING.)—BY ALLMAN.

How You Can  
Save Time  
Save Energy  
Save Money  
In Your Banking

You can transact business with the National Bank of Fairmont by using the mails.

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